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The Man of Her Choice

By Wm. J. Lampton.

MARY HOWARD was the prettiest chambermaid in the hotel, and Mr. Doan was the oldest boarder. Not oldest in point of years, but in point of occupancy, although he was not as young as he was when he passed his fiftieth birthday. He roomed on the floor that Mary had the care of, and after a year's acquaintance with her he had decided in his own mind that she was a very nice girl. Mary liked Mr. Doan well enough, but that was all, for he was a bachelor, and she rather had her doubts about such old bachelors as he was. But Mr. Doan was rich and liberal, and so polite always that he gradually won favor in Mary's eyes.

One Sunday when she was fixing up his room, which was the only time she ever saw him there, he began talking to her.

"Do you know, Mary," he said, with evident sincerity, "that you are the prettiest girl in the hotel?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mary.

Mr. Doan was somewhat staggered by this unexpected frankness.

"Oh, you do, do you?" he responded, a little nettled.

"I ought to," she said; "every man I have seen in this hotel has told me so, except you, and now you have, so they can't all be telling stories."

This explanation did not quite suit Mr. Doan, but Mary was quick-witted, and he let it go as she put it.

"I presume," he said, apologetically. "I ought to have told you so before, because I have known it ever since the first day I saw you, but you seemed to me to be a lady, and I did not want you to think that I was not a gentleman."

"And I am a lady, Mr. Doan, as my mother was and still is, but I am a lady in distress, as the story-tellers have it. Two years ago my father died, leaving us nothing but a little house away out in the suburbs, where my mother and brother live. He never was rich, but he was a gentleman, and when he left us poor, somebody had to do something, and I took this place. It was the only thing I could do for wages right from the start, and we needed something to live on. My brother found a place in a store, and between us we manage to live."

"You're as good a girl as you are pretty, Mary," said Mr. Doan, "and I must go out and see that mother of yours."

So he did, too, and came back with very agreeable impressions of the sweet old lady of 60 that he had met.

"Mary," he said on the following Sunday, "how would you like me to be your father?"

"You are quite old enough to be," she said, sharply, "but you are not old enough to be my mother's husband, if that is what you are leading up to."

"I don't know about that," he laughed. "A woman's heart is always young."

But Mary did not like the subject, and went out without continuing the conversation. Half an hour later as she was carrying a roll of quilts across the hall in front of the elevator, into which Mr. Doan had just stepped, that always uncertain method of locomotion got loose and started down the shaft for the bottom, seven floors below. Mary knew what was coming, or going, rather, and with a scream she dashed the roll of quilts into the open door. The cage had only a slight start and the quilts were caught and wedged in between the floor and the elevator roof and the downward movement stopped with a noise like a wheel taking a rubber brake. Mary dropped in a faint. Mr. Doan almost had a spasm in the elevator where he was boxed up, the elevator boy came running from a room where he had gone to deliver a message, somebody turned in a fire alarm and the whole place was in an uproar. The firemen were restrained from turning the hose on Mr. Doan, and buried themselves rigging timbers in the elevator shaft below the cage to catch it, when the quilts were withdrawn, and presently Mr. Doan came down with a thump, and walked out scared almost white. The papers next morning had a whole column about it, with a large picture of Mary, the big headlines about the heroism of a chambermaid. It happened on Friday, and on Sunday Mary was at her post again. When Mr. Doan saw her he did not wait to ask her about the flowers he had sent to her house, nor about his having called to see her without seeing her.

"Mary," he said, in the matter of fact way of a man of 50, "you saved my life, and I want to do something to show my appreciation of it."

"Oh, Mr. Doan," she almost pleaded, "don't say anything more about it. I didn't do anything."

"You saved my life. Isn't that anything? It is to me if it isn't to you!"

"I would have done just the same for Tom."

Tom was the elevator boy.

"Well, I'm going to offer you something a kid like Tom couldn't offer you, and that is the heart and the hand of an elderly man."

"You mean you want to marry me for saving your life?" asked Mary completely dazed.

"Not exactly, Mary. I--I——l," hesitated Mr. Doan.

"It's just the same thing, and I can't permit it," said Mary resolutely. "You are rich and I am poor, and it would be just as if I saved you for what you might give, and I didn't do that."

Mr. Doan tried his best to argue her into consent, but the harder he talked the harder grew her pretty head, and he gave up finally in despair. He went to see her mother that afternoon, and the mother promised to do what she could, for she liked Mr. Doan. Still Mary would not listen to reason. She said if she had money it might be different, for then people could not say she saved the man for his money. It was really a silly and foolish position she had taken, but young women do silly and foolish things more times than a few. Mr. Doan thought there might be a younger man, but said nothing.

One morning a week later Mary received a note asking her to call at Mr. Doan's office. Greatly puzzled, she went, and Mr. Doan and another man were waiting for her. The other man was Mr. Doan's lawyer.

"Mary," said Mr. Doan, after the usual salutations and an introduction, "can you give me a dollar?"

Mary took out her thin little purse and found three quarters, three nickels and a dime, which she handed over to Mr. Doan without a question.

"I'd like to borrow a nickel of it for car fare," she laughed nervously.

"You won't need it, Miss Howard," said the lawyer politely.

"Here are some papers, Mary," said Mr. Doan, handing her a large packet. "You won't understand them if you look at them, so I will merely tell you that they are deeds to all the real property I own and include the certificates of all the stocks in my possession. Indeed, everything is there if you will look them over. They are yours."

Mary, in a dazed fashion, opened the packet, and the only thing she could read was: "Know All Men By These Presents, that for and in consideration of one dollar in hand to me paid," etc., etc., and she didn't do a thing but drop the papers and begin to cry. The lawyer discreetly got out of the office, and Mr. Doan stepped over to the window. The room was still except for Mary's faint sniffle, and the twittering of a couple of sparrows on the telegraph wire in front of the window. The stillness seemed to soothe the perturbed spirit, and presently she lifted her face from her wet handkerchief and glanced shyly up at Mr. Doan. He did not see her. She got up and went over to him, sobbing a little yet.

"Mr. Doan," she said, putting out her hand, only one hand, to him, "is it true that you have given me everything?"

"Everything in the world I own, Mary, and I am poor as a church mouse."

"But Mr. Doan——" she protested.

"Not a word," he broke in. "If it hadn't been for you I would have lost it all by leaving it to a lot of people I don't like, and if you save it I know it will be where it will do much good. Don't you worry, my dear. I am not so old that I can't hustle around and make a pretty good living yet. I can do it a good deal better than you can."

Mary looked at him and again the tears filled her eyes.

"Mr. Doan," she said, "if I were to tell you that there was a younger man I loved; one whom I had known since I was a little girl and who had been waiting until he could earn enough to make us comfortable, would you still let me have this money? Aren't you giving it to me because you do not know this and hope to win me with it?"

Mr. Doan choked a little. He had not heard of this young man. Perhaps if he had he would have been less generous. He might have given him a position in his office or helped him along in some other way. It was hardly necessary to impoverish himself for the sake of letting the woman he wanted for his wife marry another man. But Mr. Doan had the right kind of stuff in his make-up.

"I don't know what you want to do with it, Mary, and I don't care," he said bravely. "What I want it to do is to make you the happiest woman in the world, and that will make me feel it is where it will do the most good. All I ask is that when I am too old to work any longer you will board and lodge me at a reduced rate and give me a fair funeral."

Mr. Doan laughed at his joke, but Mary did not. She put out both her hands to him.

"There is no younger man, Mr. Doan," she said, "and if you will have me for your wife, you may—"

Mr. Doan acted ridiculously for a man of his years. He shouted and made a wild grab for Mary.

"You bet I—" he began, when she broke away from him and warned him off."

"On one condition," she said.

"Name a dozen," he replied with crazy liberality.

"One is enough, and that one is that you give me back my dollar."

He handed her over the money and shouted for the lawyer to come in.

"Think of it," he said to that gentleman, "she will marry me on the simple condition that I give her back the dollar she gave me."

"Which means," said the lawyer formally, "that as there is no consideration all the property and so forth previously made over to Miss Howard is yours."

"How the dickens did she know that?" inquired Mr. Doan, but the lawyer couldn't enlighten him, and Mr. Doan wasn't particular, seeing that everything was his anyway.—Detroit Free Press.

Badly Mixed.

"We'll either have to get a new girl or a new ice man, George."

"Let it be a new ice man, then. What's the trouble?"

"This ice man is so good looking that he makes Maggie nervous. Yesterday morning she got so mixed up that she tried to get him to put the ice in the stove oven."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

Dr. Talmage Talks of the Good Done by the Former.

He Says It Is the Birthplace of Civilization and Not Necessarily Evil—Some Advice to the Young.

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Washington,

From St. Petersburg, the Russian capital, where he was cordially received by the emperor and empress and the empress dowager, Dr. Talmage sends this discourse, in which he shows the mighty good that may be done by the cities, and also the vast evil they may do by their allurements to the unsuspecting and the unguarded. The text is Zechariah 1:17: "My cities through prosperity shall yet be spread abroad."

The city is no worse than the country. The vices of the metropolis are more evident than the vices of the rural districts because there are more to be bad if they wish to be. The merchant is as good as the farmer. There is no more cheating in town than out of town—no worse cheating; it is only on a larger scale. The countryman sometimes prevaricates about the age of the horse that he sells, about the size of the bushel with which he measures the grain, about the peaches at the bottom of the basket as being as large as those at the top, about a quarter of beef as being tender when it is tough, and to as bad an extent as the citizen, the merchant prevaricates about calicoes or silks or hardware.

And as to villages, I think that in some respects they are worse than the cities, because they copy the vices of the cities in the meanest shape, and as to gossip its heaven is a country village. Everybody knows everybody's business better than he knows it himself. The grocery store or the blacksmith shop in day and night is the grand depot for masculine tittle tattle, and there are always in the village a half dozen women who have their sunbonnets hanging near, so that at the first item of derogatory news they can fly out and cackle it all over the town. Countrymen must not be too hard in their criticism of the citizen, nor must the plow run too sharply against the yardstick.

Cain was the founder of the first city, and I suppose it took after him in morals. It takes a city a long time to escape from the character of a founder. Where the founders of a city are criminal exiles, the filth, the vice, the prisons, are the shadow of those founders. It will take centuries for New York to get over the good influence of the pious founders of that city—the founders whose prayers went up in the streets where now banks discount and brokers bargain and companies declare dividends and smugglers swear custom house lies, and above the roar of the wheels and the crack of the auctioneer's mallet ascends the ascription: "We worship thee, O almighty dollar!" The old church that used to stand on Wall street is to this day throwing its blessing on the scene of traffic and on all the ships folding their white wings in the harbor. In other days people gathered in cities for defense—none but the poor, who had nothing to be stolen, lived in the country, but in these times, when through civilization and Christianity it is safe to live anywhere, people gather in the cities for purposes of rapid gain.

Cities are not evil necessarily, as some have argued. They have been the birthplace of civilization. In them popular liberty has lifted its voice. Witness Genoa and Pisa and Venice. After the death of Alexander the Great among his papers were found extensive plans of cities, some to be built in Europe, some to be built in Asia. The cities in Europe were to be occupied by Asiatics; the cites in Asia were to be occupied, according to his plans, by Europeans, and so there should be a commingling and a fraternity and a kindness and a good will between the continents and between the cities. So there always ought to be. The strangest thing in my comprehension is that there should be bickerings and rivalries among our American cities. New York must stop caricaturing Philadelphia, and Philadelphia must stop picking at New York, and certainly the continent is large enough for St. Paul and Minneapolis. What is good for one city is good for all the cities. Here is the great highway of our national prosperity. On that highway of national prosperity walk the cities.

A city with large forehead and great brain—that is Boston; a city with deliberate step and calm manner—that is Philadelphia; a city with its pocket full of change—that is New York; two cities going with a rush that astounds the continent—they are St. Louis and Chicago; a city that takes its wife and children along with it—that is Brooklyn. Cincinnati, Louisville, Pittsburgh, all the cities of the north and all the cities of the south, some distinguished for one thing, some for another, one for professional ability, another for affluence, another for fashion, but none to be spared. What advantages one advantages all. What damages Boston common damages Washington square. Laurel Hill, Mount Auburn, Greenwood, weep over the same grief. The statue of Benjamin Franklin in New York greeting the bronze statue of Edward Everett in Boston. All the cities a confraternity. I cannot understand how there should go on bickerings and rivalries. I plead for a higher style of brotherhood or sisterhood among the cities.

But while there are great differences in some respects I have to tell you that all cities impress upon me and ought to impress upon you three or four very important lessons, all of them agreeing in the same thing. It does not make any difference in what part of the country we walk the streets of a great city there is one lesson I think which ought to strike every intelligent Christian man, and that is the world is a scene of toil and struggle. Here and there you find a man in the street who has his arms folded and who seems to have no particular errand, but if you will stand at the corner of the street and watch the countenances of those who go by you will see in most instances there is an intimation that they are on an errand which must be executed at the earliest moment possible, so you are jostled hither and thither by business men, up this ladder with a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, digging a cellar, shingling a roof, binding a book, mending a watch. Work, with its thousand eyes and thousand feet and thousand arms, goes on singing its song, "Work, work, work!" while the drums of the mill beat it and the steam whistles fife it. In the carpeted isles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam, sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God, but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man.

Going down to your place of business and coming home again I charge you look about; see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement, and as you go through the streets and come back through the streets gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the sufferings, all the bereavements of those whom you pass and present them in prayer before an all sympathetic God. In the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word will rise up and call you blessed; and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in Heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman who helped me when I was hungry and sick and wandering and lost and heartbroken. That is the man, that is the woman;" and the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "I was hungry and ye fed me, I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to these poor waifs of the streets ye did it unto me."

Again, in all these cities I am impressed with the fact that life is full of pretension and sham. What subterfuge, what double dealing, what two-facedness! Do all people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all the people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant store window? Passing up and down the streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that society is hollow and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? Oh, how many there are who swagger and strut and how few people who are natural and walk! While fops simper and fools snicker and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh! I say these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem, but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this particular peril. Ehud comes pretending to pay his tax to King Eglon, and, while he stands in front of the king, stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

One of the mightiest temptations in commercial life in all cities to-day is in the fact that many professed Christian men are not square in their bargains. Such men are in Baptist and Methodist and Congregational churches, and our own denomination is as largely represented as any of them. Our good merchants are foremost in Christian enterprises; they are patronizers of art, philanthropic and patriotic. God will attend to them in the day of His coronation. I am not speaking of them, but of those in commercial life who are setting a ruinous example to our young merchants. Go through all the stores and offices in our cities and tell me in how many of those stores and offices are the principles of Christ's religion dominant? In three-fourths of them? No. In half of them? No. In one-tenth of them? No. Decide for yourself. The impression is abroad somehow that charity can consecrate iniquitous gains and that if a man give to God a portion of an unrighteous bargain then the Lord will forgive him the rest. The secretary of a benevolent society came to me and said: "Mr. So-and-So has given a large amount of money to the missionary cause," mentioning the sum. I said: "I can't believe it." He said: "It is so." Well, I went home, staggered and confounded. I never knew the man to give anything. But after awhile I found out that he had been engaged in the most infamous kind of a swindle, and then he promised to compromise the matter with the Lord, saying: "Now, here is so much for thee, Lord. Please to let me off!"

I want to tell you that the church of God is not a shop for receiving stolen goods and that if you have taken anything from your fellows you had better return it to the men to whom it belongs. In a drug store in Philadelphia a young man was told that he must sell blacking on the Lord's day. He said to the head man of the firm: "I can't possibly do that. I am willing to sell medicines on the Lord's day, for I think that is right and necessary, but I can't sell this patent blacking." He was discharged from the place. A Christian man hearing of it took him into his employ, and he went on from one success to another until he was known all over the land for his faith in God and his good works as for his worldly success. When a man has sacrificed any temporal, financial good for the sake of his spiritual interests the Lord is on his side, and one with God is a majority.

But if you have been much among the cities you have also noticed that they are full of temptations of a political character. It is not so more in one city than in all the cities. Hundreds of men going down in our cities every year through the pressure of politics. Once in awhile a man will come out in a sort of missionary spirit and say: "I am going into politics now to reform them, and I am going to reform the ballot box, and I am going to reform all the people I come in contact with." That man in the fear and love of God goes into politics with that idea and with the resolution that he will come out uncontaminated and as good as when he went in. But generally the case is when a man steps into politics many of the newspapers try to blacken his character and to distort all his past history, and after a little while has gone by instead of considering himself an honorable citizen he is lost in contemplation and in admiration of the fact that he has so long been kept out of jail! If a man shall go into politics to reform politics and with the right spirit, he will come out with the right spirit and unhurt. That was Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. That was George Briggs, of Massachusetts. That was Judge McLean, of Ohio.

Then look around and see the allurements to dissipated life. Bad books, unknown to father and mother, vile as the reptiles of Egypt, crawling into some of the best families of the community; and boys read them while the teacher is looking the other way, or at recess, or on the corner of the street when the groups are gathered. These books are read late at night. Satan finds them a smooth plank on which he can slide down into perdition some of your sons and daughters. Reading bad books—one never gets over it. The books may be burned, but there is not enough power in all the apothecary's preparations to wash out the stain from the soul. Fathers' hands, mothers' hands, sisters' hands will not wash it out; none but the hand of the Lord can wash it out.

And what is more perilous in regard to some of these temptations we may not mention them. While God in His Bible from chapter to chapter thundered His denunciations against these crimes people expect the pulpit and the printing press to be silent on the subject, and just in proportion as people are impure are they fastidious on this theme. They are so full of decay and death they do not want their sepulchers opened. God will turn into destruction all the unclean, and no splendors of surrounding can make decent that which He has smitten. God will not excuse sin merely because it has costly array and beautiful tapestry and palatial residence any more than He will excuse that which crawls a blotch of sores through the lowest cellar. Ever and anon through some lawsuit there flashes upon the people of our great cities what is transpiring in seemingly respectable circles. You call it "high life," you call it "fast living," you call it "people's eccentricity." And while we kick off the sidewalk the poor wretch who has not the means to garnish his iniquity, these lords and ladies, wrapped in purple and in linen, go unwhipped of public justice. Ah, the most dreadful part of the whole thing is that there are persons abroad whose whole business it is to despoil the young. What an eternity such a man will have! As the door opens to receive him thousands of voices will cry out: "See here, what have you done?" and the wretch will wrap himself with fiercer flame and leap into deeper darkness, and the multitude he has destroyed will pursue him and hurl at him the long, bitter, relentless, everlasting curse of their own anguish. If there be one cup of eternal darkness more bitter than another, they will have to drink it to the dregs. If in all the ocean of the lost world that comes billowing up there be one wave more fierce than another, it will dash over them. But there is hope for all who will turn.

I stood one day at Niagara falls, and I saw what you may have seen there—six rainbows bending over that tremendous plunge. I never saw anything like it before or since. Six beautiful rainbows arching that great cataract! And so over the rapids and angry precipices of sin, where so many have been dashed down, God's beautiful admonitions hover, a warning arching each peril—six of them, 50 of them, 1,000 of them. Beware, beware, beware!

Young men, while you have time to reflect upon these things and before the duties of the office and the store and the shop come upon you again, look over this whole subject, and after the day has passed and you hear in the nightfall the voices and footsteps of the city dying from your ear, and it gets so silent that you can hear distinctly your watch under your pillow going "tick, tick," then open your eyes and look out upon the darkness and see two pillars of light, one horizontal, the other perpendicular, but changing their direction until they come together, and your enraptured vision beholds it—the cross.

Not to Be Doubted.

Jane—My husband's sight was poor before I married him.

Annie—I supposed so.—Tit-Bits.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

ROOT CROPS ON THE FARM.

Turnips and Rutabagas Should be Grown Much More Extensively than They Are.

During July, August and the early part of September, the truckers, family gardeners and dairymen of the south will plant their crops of turnips and rutabages, two vegetables which are largely used throughout the south, and yet which should be grown much more extensively than they are. It is a crop which usually finds a ready sale in the towns and cities, so that the market gardeners find it profitable to plant the crop on a considerable scale, in places where they can obtain a local market.

For this crop, as for all others, pure and reliable seed should be obtained from honest seedsmen. Every year we find in the catalogues of unreliable dealers, exaggerated representations, extravagant claims and exorbitant prices for some so-called new and superior sort. Such claims should be regarded with suspicion as the much-prised variety usually proves to be some old sort under a new name, or, worse still, a degenerate and utterly worthless variety.

For table use and market, the Purple Top Strap Leaf and the White Flat Dutch are among the best of the flat varieties. Of the globe-shaped kinds, the Purple Top Globe, Pomeranian White Globe, Golden Ball and Snowball are all excellent sorts. The White Egg, a pure white, egg-shaped turnip is one of the finest for table use, being very sweet, tender and free from any strong flavor or bitter taste. New land is considered best for turnip culture, but first-class crops can be raised on old land if it is properly prepared. The practice of cow-penning land which is to be used for turnips is very common in the south, and is an excellent means of fertilization, and the treading and firming of the sandy soil is also an advantage. This crop is a comparatively light user of nitrogen, and in fact on land which is rich in nitrogen, this element may well be omitted from the fertilizer, as too much of it will make the crop woody, and unfit for use, and also tends to produce tops, instead of roots. A good fertilizer formula is as follows:

Nitrogen .....3 per cent.
Potash .....8 per cent.
Available phosphoric acid..8 per cent.

Using this formula, from 400 to 800 pounds per acre, drilled in, will be sufficient. Soggy land should not be used for a turnip crop, and low muck land, as a rule, will not produce turnip fit for table use, though satisfactory enough to grow a crop for stock feed.

Turnip seed is sown at a time in the south when the summer heat is most trying on seed germination, and when the hot sunshine is apt to follow close upon the heavy beating showers of the rainy season, and when insect life is most plentiful and active. On account of these causes, the planter often fails to secure a good stand, and the failure is frequently laid to the fault of the seed, when more often than not, the trouble is due to some one of the causes mentioned above. The "turnip flea," a tiny insect, hardly large enough to be seen, frequently destroys an entire planting of turnips before the plants have appeared above ground, and no trace is left to show what caused the failure of the seed to show up above ground. This is one of the most common causes of failure in obtaining a stand of plants from summer sowings. Again, the young plants are frequently destroyed before they have shown above ground by being scalded, the result of hot sunshine on the earth after a shower. Again, a hot, dry spell, following the germination of the seed is very apt to bake the starting plants, and so prevent a stand. The writer of this article has shown four sowings to be made from a pound of turnip seed without obtaining a stand, and at the end of the fourth planting the planter was positive that the seed was utterly worthless. He made a fifth sowing, however, and got a perfect stand, thus showing that the seed were all right, and that his four failures had been due to some unknown cause, probably one or more of those already mentioned. Considering the season at which this crop is sown in the south, and the usual climatic conditions which prevail at the time of sowing, the planter must not think it strange if he does not obtain a perfect stand in every instance.

Sow the seed in drills 20 to 24 inches apart, covering the seed from one-half to one inch deep, and firming the soil. When the plants are well up, they should be thinned out from five to ten inches to two feet deep, to prevent the turnips from freezing. When piling them in this way, about an inch of top should be left on each one. They will stand through the winter in this way, and in the spring the pile should be opened, and the tops and roots trimmed off close. They should then be stored in a cellar or potato bank, between layers of straw. If desired they can be stored in this way in the field at all. The object is to keep them cool, and prevent them from freezing, which will cause them to rot. Every winter and spring an immense number of barrels of turnips and rutabagas is shipped south to be sold in our markets. This demand should be supplied by our own growers. Dairymen, who raise rutabagas for their stock, will do well to pay special attention to the growing and storing of this crop, which may be made one of the most valuable in their business. While the rutabaga has not the high feeding value of the more concentrated feeds, yet it is very close to that of the cabbage, and a supply of well grown and well stored rutabagas throughout the winter will supply the stock of the dairy farmer with the change of feed which is so essential in obtaining the best results from stock. The amount of fertilizing material returned to the soil in the case of this crop, either by the use of the leaves as green manure, or better still, as stable manure and compost after having been fed to stock is very considerable, and should tend toward a largely increased cultivation of this useful crop among dairymen and general farmers.—H. Willard Brown, in Texas Farm and Ranch.

REARING THE COLT.

Proper and Intelligent Feeding an Essential to Perfect Growth and Development.

"The man never lived that can properly raise a colt on grass alone" is a text from which all horse breeders may most profitably draw conclusions. This statement has often been made and at no previous time has it had more force than right now. Care of the right sort a colt must have, but the most of the care comes in the amount of grain fed the colt and his dam. That a colt confined in a poor pasture with his mother, getting only what grass he can pick and what milk his dam gives him, will, with no bad luck, eventually grow to be a horse is undisputed. That he would grow to be a horse much more quickly if given a suitable grain ration is equally undisputaed. He must have grain, and his dam must have grain if he is to make the proper amount of growth. He will not eat much all told during his first summer on earth, and in the flush of the grass and as long as the pasture keeps good the mare need not have any very great quantity; but a grain ration must be fed to both dam and foal. The best methods of feeding colts have been described over and over again in these columns. It is therefore only necessary to call attention to the necessity, now greater than ever before, of bringing the colts along as rapidly as possible. The less a colt is fed the longer he will take to develop. The better he is done the sooner will he attain his growth and reach the marketable stage. That the present scarcity of horses will continue for several years is admitted. Will it not then be much more profitable to keep the young things in such condition that they will mature early to their usefulness? Take, for instance, a draft-bred colt and feed him and his dam liberally the first summer. In the fall at weaning time he gets no setback, while the mare goes into winter quarters strong and hearty to bring another good foal in the spring. The colt well fed during the winter and thereafter till he is three years old begins early to do a horse's work for his keep, and he quickly catches the eye of the buyer, bringing in a remunerative return. When the pasture gets bare and brown it must be supplemented with green corn or other succulent food in order that the milk flow of the dam may not be impaired nor the nourishment of the foal cut off. Comfort, too, is important. Protect the dam and the foal from the attacks of the flies.—Breeders' Gazette.

HERE AND THERE.

—There is no better business now available to men with a little capital than raising cattle on farms in the southwest.

—With all classes of stock it is better to wait until the grass in the pastures has made a good growth before turning in.

—With everything conveniently arranged, the cost of soaking corn for hogs amounts to nothing and the value of the grain is increased as much as by grinding. It is often little things in feeding that brings the profit.

—Rice mills are going up rapidly in the coast region of Louisiana and Texas. Many more can find abundant work. There have also been recently put in several new pumping plants of great capacity, up to 13,000,000 gallons per hour.

—If, as we were informed by the manager of a large rice mill at Crowley, La., the bran and polish pays all toll is all clear profit, then it is our opinion that there is a good opening running expenses of the toll, and the for small farm mills.

—Jno. Hyde, statistician of the department of agriculture, says that science, so far, has only succeeded in arresting deterioration; that the science of the future is to be looked to for actual improvement such as will be demanded by the conditions of population and land.

—Farmers should not worry about the square bale vs. the round bale fight, not about the nondescript bale vs. the standard bale. Let the press-makers and the bale-makers fight it out. Ultimately the fittest will survive, and that is what the cotton grower wants.

—Farmers who raise a few hogs to sell around home, should keep the pig ready for market until the market is ready for the pig. Kept in good condition on green pasture supplemented with a little corn every day, the cost of feeding for a few weeks longer is very slight.

—Hens should never be given as much as they will eat except at night, or when penned for fattening. If given a full feed in the morning they will go off, hunt a soft place and sit down and gossip. This idleness breeds mischief, and is bad for the hens as well as the owners.